



Looking Back



16 0 1

Chapter 1 by Anna Cook

Cactuses fascinate me. They are so beautiful, but dangerous. But they are different from roses because the thorns on roses, people know how to avoid, they are quite a common metaphor. If you prick your finger on a rose thorn, there is a small drop of blood, and the pain ceases. If you happen to brush against a cactus, your skin is impaled with hundreds of tiny needles. The pain is continuous until you extract them ; a much more accurate metaphor.

“Constance.” My mom said coldly. “It’s time to leave.” I took once last look at everlasting desert plane, and then began to gather my belongings. It was dusk and the sun was a luminous half circle sinking below the horizon. I zipped my backpack, and shuffled into my well worn flip flops. My mom was already waiting at the car.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars ☐ [receive feedback](#)

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account